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# *ARMIDA*

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To Anna (Gansworth) \*  
the keeper  
or (?) blackman

Harry  
11-61

\* my wife  
John Gansworth

# *ARMIDA*

POEMS OF

“le frottement voluptueux de deux intestins”

By

HENRY SAVAGE



PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS

BY THE CYTHEREAN SOCIETY





## MUSTY SYMBOL

(Being a brief review of the work of most other modern poets.)

So much of bone the modern poet moans  
Sensing, perhaps, his work won't make old bones.

A subtler use for bone—and keeps it fresh—  
Is to insert it now and then in flesh.

## OVERTURE

If we were lying where gorse was blooming and ring-doves cooing—  
Imagine, Chloe, a mossy glade deep in the woods for loving made;  
Squirrels on leafy boughs their games pursuing;  
And all Nature her very utmost doing  
To make clear the way of a man with a maid—

Chloe! if we were there and the sunbeams playing  
About your hair, would there come a moment when  
Towards the heart of the rose we would soon be straying,  
Forgetting all our cares?

Would we wander then  
In Eden regained, enraptured, silent, and staying  
Breathless awhile until we moved closer together  
And our lips met?

Ah, Chloe, it would be so!  
And a first caress, lighter than any feather,  
Would ever more eager, ever more ardent grow  
Until, pursuing an even sweeter bliss,  
Your tongue found mine in the rapturous, honeyed kiss  
That has no equal; where, touching only or twined,  
They are one in their bed of dew, and the one glow  
Pervades lover and lover until they find  
The very heart of the rose where all is joined.

## RELATIVITY

My images to mind  
Are quaint and frivolous—  
The curve of Kate's behind,  
Ostriches on a bus.

Vainly my critic soul  
Calls for the noble stroke,  
Curves must remain the goal,  
Life must remain a joke!

## POUR MESSIEURS BLAISE PASCAL ET CIE

Who once has tasted pleasure  
Will sorrow beyond measure  
That he, one day, must pass away  
    Where pleasure is no more.  
Shall we, then, seek in Sorrow  
A brighter, better morrow?  
Ah, well-a-day and lack-a-day,  
    Sorrow's a sorry whore!

## SOUVENIR IDYLLIQUE

Do you remember an orchard, Kate,  
    And a damson tree?  
The memory suddenly comes, and I linger  
With warmth on a time when with thumb and forefinger  
I put the ripe fruit in your mouth and retrieved it with mine.  
    Kate, wasn't it fine,  
That moment we snatched together from fate!  
You can't but remember the orchard, Kate,  
    And the damson tree,  
    And me.



## CONTRASTS

"You're getting on," she said, "and I so young!  
In some few years our love may end in rue."

"Heart," he retorted, "that indeed is true,  
But, like all truth that ever yet has stung  
Poor human kind, he laughs at it who knows  
That some may live for centuries in a day  
Where others snore their mortal years away  
And never know the secret of the rose."

Whereat they sought and found beatitude  
While she in rapture cried, "Again! Again!  
Six lovers could not satisfy my blood!"—  
Falling asleep with those presumptuous words!

And so he left her for fresh morning rain  
And joyous carolling of many birds.

## YET ANOTHER GERMAN LIE NAILED DOWN

"To what do you attribute your extraordinary longevity, gran'fer?"

"For long," said the sage, "I had bats in the belf,  
Velvet-winged and completely *ahuri*,  
Which fluttered about till I thought to myself,  
*Mon dieu, que je haïs ces chauve-souris!*

"Visions, no doubt! or illusions and such,  
Though they none the less troubled me direly,  
But a day came along when by grace of a Dutch  
Cleopatra they vanished entirely.

"The moral? When next the winged animal hurts,  
Don't trouble yourself over much,  
Or dream of Greek Helens beyond your deserts—  
Be a realist! trust to the Dutch!"

## THE SPERMATOOZON SOLILOQUISES

“O limèd soul that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged!”

Clear my thought  
And quiet my mind;  
Cares are naught  
Where was all unkind.  
Why so eased  
And an eye so bright?  
You ask amazed . . .  
I have loved to-night!

What's in that fluid  
That so perturbs  
As if some Druid  
With noxious herbs  
In a witch's cauldron  
A potion brewed  
That earth's poor children  
Might be subdued?

Spectral tadpole,  
Spermatozoon,  
What's in your mad poll  
That thus you go on?

“The aspick'd truffle,  
The amber'd fly,  
Have less to ruffle  
Their souls than I.

“They have had their hour,  
They are dead to sense;  
They know nor power  
Nor impotence.  
But I, O Zeus!  
Who am Life, *ehéu!*  
To be hemmed in thus  
By a seminal glue!



" The cyclonic urge  
To be out and free,  
To expand and surge  
To infinity,  
Would be sheer delight!  
But for me the doom  
Of the grey, ghost light  
Of a glutinous tomb!

" I, Sa-ed, the seed,  
With incredible ease,  
At incredible speed  
Through spermatic seas,  
Should be tearing, tearing,  
To that dim goal  
Which would crown my faring,  
Fulfil my soul.

" The Will tyrannic  
In tiny me,  
What force titanic  
Shall make it free?  
The mushroom has it  
That bursts the stone;  
To me, alas, it  
Remains unknown!

" Limed, limed, I ponder  
My solitude,  
A Something yonder,  
An unknown Good,  
Till I cannot bear it,  
And one sole thought  
Fills my anguished spirit—  
' Oh, let me out!'

" Thus, all repression,  
Restraint, unrest,  
Denied expression,  
Or turn or twist  
In my prison, even,  
I know not *move*.  
Life would be heaven  
Did men but love!"

## LA JOUEUSE DE LA FLUTE MAGIQUE

As a player lovingly takes the flute, for a moment to linger  
Fascinated by touch, so with thumb and forefinger  
She takes the flute of the lover and, pressing, thrills, intent  
On the contact made by her soft hand and the pliant instrument

She is already enraptured, holding only, not moving,  
Though this is no more than a fond prelude to loving.  
Ambrosial, sweeter than wild honey, the luring dream  
Of intense pleasure, unparalleled yet, supreme.

Thumb and forefinger are moving now, and the reed  
Swell to her raptured mind till it seems indeed  
That the very magic flute in her holding lies  
Whose transcendent chords are the choiring of paradise;  
And, flushed and wanton, warm in the ardour of love,  
She inclines her head, and her lips luxuriously move  
At the thought of further bliss; her dishevelled hair  
Brushes the flute as her lips frolic its fair  
Firm stem, to her dream as the wild fruit  
That the heart loveth, and over the magic flute,  
With lips that rove caressing and darting tongue,  
She lures the music for which she has yearned so long.

Her breast flowers are erect, and her secret parts  
Twitch and are moist with longing; the tongue darts  
As a snake's in a fine frenzy, or wandering lips  
Trail the responsive stem, or the mouth grips,  
Holding or moving, revealing or hiding quite  
The beauty that palely gleams or is lost to sight.  
She is all aflame now with voluptuous desire  
For the liquid note that only love can inspire.

And it comes, it gushes, a stream of melodious song  
Flowing, the while in a final ardour with long  
Ecstatic holding, her eager lips close over  
The still triumphant stem of the flute her lover  
Till it spurts no more its music, and, satisfied,  
With a soft light in her eyes, she sinks aside;  
And the fluteplayer is still and as still the flute  
That droops and dwindles, its honeyed accents mute.



## PIMLICO

(Lines inscribed to a puritan.)

I knew a whore of Pimlico  
Who, when the hawthorn blossom came,  
Would restless wander to and fro  
With all her face aflame.

Slave of imperious behests,  
Yet mistress of the years,  
It was as if her quivering breasts  
Dwarfed mightier hemispheres.

I know not what tremendous god  
White-heats the hawthorn's snow,  
But what's your Nijninogorod  
Compared to Pimlico!

## TRIBUTE TO BATTERSEA

The dusky, raddled women of Arabia  
Are, as we know, hot-natured, but there may be a  
More northern race with better claims to fame  
As artists at the ancient, gay cross-buttock game.

I think I've met them, for an inner sense,  
Less prone to error than experience,  
Tells me that if you really want what's what  
In that same game then Battersea's the spot.

Ugly they may be, and their sallow skins  
Tell of an insufficiency of vitamins,  
But there's a red-hot fire in their interior  
Would make most other women feel inferior.

The connoisseur might find them somewhat crude;  
They're not so much lascivious as lewd,  
But O what lewdness! Science, I suspect,  
Would hand them out top marks in this respect.

They look at you as if their very souls  
Were representative of certain holes  
Wedged with a springy, gristly matter meant  
By Nature to make one perfect implement.

There is a calculation in their eyes  
Would make old Euclid sit up in surprise.  
Better than any mathematic known  
To Einstein is a secret of their own.

When Villon said the Venice girls were fair,  
But those of Paris had the finer flair,  
He may have known, poor chap, a thing or two,  
But little knew what Battersea could do.

Go West! they bid the would-be Don Juan,  
But I affirm, Go South, go South, young man,  
For south of where Thames waters ebb and flow  
They know about it all, they know, they know!

#### SONNET SANS ROMANCE

The bloated anaconda lies replete  
In languorous coma with distended belly,  
Digestive juices turning goat to jelly,  
And all's well in the jungle. Is life sweet?  
Life to the serpent is supremely so,  
His uncouth camel's hump, dissolving slow,  
Needs no stomachic powder to fulfil  
The tums of snakes or porkers after swill,  
And bring the bliss that humans seldom know.

But I, replete with that ambrosial food  
Purveyed by Venus and defined as love  
(Plain effing to the vulgar devotee),  
With a limp penis and no will to shove,  
Am not so sure that life is wholly good  
Or effing all that it's cracked up to be!



## ROCK OF AGES

Rigidity I sing! and you, stern Muse, awake  
To inspire to what will neither bend nor break.  
Pokers reputed stiff we'll leave to clowns,  
And adamantine paving-stones to towns.  
Such is the super-hardness of my dream  
There is no word or image, it would seem,  
To tell, convey, or indicate, how hard  
It is!

But must the effort, then, be marred  
For lack of trying? Let it not be said  
There is no leadenness that's not more than lead,  
No gold more weighty than was known of Dis,  
No abstract heavier than concrete is!

To match this hidden, more than iron, ore is  
To think at first of stern unbending Tories,  
But Lord! they're bent enough when recognised!  
And even Nazis would be much surprised  
To know that, far beyond their ideology,  
Exists a universe of stark geology  
Where their crude ways the natives would regard  
As so much myrrh and frankincense and nard,  
Their rubber truncheons toys for tender kids,  
And cotton-wool their methods with the Yids.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments,  
As Shakespeare knew, could vie with quarries whence  
His rhyme was fashioned; and in that same mine  
The precious metal lies with which to line  
Each rift with ore, indifferent of fate,  
Not to be penetrated but to penetrate,  
Such is its subtle force and such its power,  
Strong beyond strength it is; erect to tower  
Rigid, inexorable, magnificent,  
Pregnant with splendid purpose, greatly meant  
To stand for the admiration of mankind—  
The one, true monument of noble mind!

Yet to stay nameless? Ah, but therein lies  
The secret of all sacred mysteries  
From famed Eleusis onwards! the profane  
Will seek to know the nameless word in vain  
That will reveal the obscurity of this rhyme,  
That veils the god majestic and sublime  
Within the inner fane; no myrtles green  
Will crown the scoffers to whom all's obscene;  
Mænads will guard the sanctum of true joy  
And Hierophantes spurn the *hoi polloi*.

But to the wise and worthy will be given  
The vision of a Rock that towers to heaven  
And is rigidity itself—that Rock of Ages  
From immemorial days adored by sages  
Who know the one, true flame, the one, true torch,  
That lights great Pan's one universal Church.

## THE RAPTURE

Anadyomene, when she swims,  
My enchanted spirit snares,  
With her long, young, splendid limbs  
And her budding breasts like pears.

Anadyomene most appeals  
When, slowly at her toilet play,  
She part conceals and part reveals  
Beauties to take the breath away.

And then, deep down, I know my heart  
Though all the loveless world oppose.  
Let breath for ever, love, depart,  
But hold me close, ah, hold me close!



## INVITATION TO CYTHEREA

("Do please come to my 'Coming of Age' party"—Joy H.)

*Coming of Age!*—an uninspiring theme!  
*Coming of Youth's* a subject it would seem  
More calculated to inspire the Muse  
By an unblushful Hippocrene to cruise—  
Youth with its swift and sudden-spurting stream

But since my Joy invokes another dream,  
Age let it be! though, spectre-like and wan,  
Euterpe views a stagnant Helicon  
And words come trickling slow. Age let it be,  
Though all unhelpful and reluctant she.

Coming of Age! and tired Imagination  
Sees Anne, worn sister, at her turret station  
And the faint murmur: "Will they *ever* come!"

Dust in the distance? Dust beyond the tomb!  
Such is the dusty answer!

Or again,  
Imagination's eye sees o'er the plain  
Only a bog from which, more felt than seen,  
Faint wetness oozes, dubious to mean  
If, in all truth, it IS or MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.

Oh, from such Melancholy turn the page  
A moment and a brighter theme engage!  
Coming of Youth! when, from the granite rock,  
Touched by some Aaron's rod, the magic shock  
Sets free that lightning, life-giving stream  
Which, whether it be waste nocturnal dream  
Or shot to fertile use of quickened sense,  
Tells not the mournful tale of Impotence.

But truce to self-deception! Who employs  
Himself with spectral and vicarious joys  
Is worse off in the end than he who fronts  
Truth's awful face, electing for its brunts.  
Coming of Age again be then our theme;  
Let truth be served! Away, delusive dream!

There is this consolation in weak Age:  
It shares no longer Youth's unconscious rage.  
Though Physics sneer at Forces well-nigh spent,  
Yet Psyche bids the willing soul *Invent*.  
And where Invention is, the aged Rake  
Clutches Priapus' skirts with Hope awake.

Invention frees the Sinner from Time's mesh,  
The subtle Word o'ercomes the simple Flesh,  
Lights Beauty's eye and blinds it to those ills  
Which else would make her shudder; and it fills  
The wintry waste with larks and daffodils.

And Beauty gives as much as Beauty takes  
When to Invention's spell her sense awakes.

Again! Why after Consummation strive?  
Better to travel, surely, than to arrive!  
What folly to perpend the end of it  
When the Play passes with gay, luring wit  
Beguiling Beauty till she swoons content  
Not with the way they Came but how they Went.

Pan! on your erring child a lenient eye  
Cast that he doubted you! and you who cry  
"*Si vieillesse pouvait*" know that *vieillesse* can!  
Rawness mars Youth, Invention makes the Man.



### CONCLUSIVE

If I had a sword like a satyr's  
Pointed, and hairy, and curled,  
At last I'd have got to what matters—  
I'd be right on top of the world!  
It isn't the size of it flatters  
The women, or if they are hurled  
To the deed or more gently ungirl'd,  
It's having a sword like a satyr's,  
Pointed, and hairy, and curled.



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